

THE NORTH YORK SENTINEL.

"NO PLACE SHOULD BE DEARER TO US THAN OUR OWN COUNTRY."

VOLUME I.-NO. 39.

NEWMARKET, NORTH YORK, CANADA, WEST, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT 11, 1856.

PRICE-S1 1-2 PER ANNUM.

DIRECTORY.

RAILROAD TIME, NEWMARKET

For the information of our Subscribers we publish the Time Table of the Northern Railroad Passenger Trains leaving Newmarket, going both North and South:

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN:	
Going South.....	8.50 A.M.
North.....	6.20 P.M.
MAIL TRAIN:	
Going South.....	6.30 A.M.
North.....	8.50 A.M.

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The *Witness* is divided into the following departments: viz.—First page, News; second and third pages, articles selected from a great variety of the best English, American and Canadian papers; fourth and fifth pages, Editorial and communicated articles and paragraphs; sixth page, Mother's department, Young Men's department, and Agricultural department; seventh page, Miscellaneous, consisting of poetry, religious and useful articles and extracts; eighth page, Commercial article, pieces current and advertisements.

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The *Witness* is published on Wednesday morning in time for the early mails, and the price per annum is \$25. 6d.; if sent to the office it is sent to one address for \$8. All communications to be post-paid and addressed, **JOHN DOUGALL,**
Witness Office, Montreal.

Jan. 2, 1856.

POETRY.

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING!"

BY H. CLAY FRANK.

"It was a beautiful exclamation of a dying child, as the golden rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window: 'Good-by, papa, good-by! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry; papa; we'll all meet again in the morning!' And the heart of the father grew lighter under his burden, for something assured him that his little angel had gone back to the bosom of Him who said, 'Blessed little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

Oh, will it be long, and dark is the night, but soon will the daybreak be dawning; Then the friendships of yore Shall blossom once more, And we'll all meet again in the morning!

Art thou doomed in a far distant region to roam, To meet the cold gaze of the stranger? Do not thou yearn for the smiles of the loved ones at home.

While thou prayest God to shield them from dread, Ah! the night of the waters may shadow thy form, But soon will the daybreak be dawning; Then thou'lt find me once more With the loved ones at home, And we'll all meet again in the morning!

Do not thou miss the sweet voice of a fond loving wife, Whose music brought calm to thy sorrow; Do not thou miss the bright beams of the sun, Nor feel one bright hope for the morrow!

Oh, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark, But soon will the daybreak be dawning; One hope is still left— We'll all meet again in the morning!

Art thou weariest, O pilgrim on life's desert waste? Do not thou sigh for the shade of the willow! Do not thou cherish the fruit of the bitter tree, And mock all the dreams of thy childhood!

Oh, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark, But soon will the daybreak be dawning; Then the dreams which have fled Shall arise from the dead, And all will be bright in the morning!

Oh, servant of Christ! too heavy the cross— Has thy trust in the Master been shaken? In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost, And thou criest, 'My God, I'm forsaken!' But cheer up, dear brother! the night cannot last, For soon will the daybreak be dawning; Then the dreams which have fled Shall arise from the dead, And all will be bright in the morning!

Will all be made good in the morning!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Drunkard's Wife.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbours and surrounded by his friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about nine years old stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread—

"Is that you father?"

"Yes, wet to the skin—come in," said the man, "why ain't you abed and asleep, you brat?"

"The little fellow slunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the wretch—"It's bad enough to have a sick wife grumbling all day without having you kept up at night to chime in the morning—get to bed, you imp, do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way, by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury—"Give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh! father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow bursting into tears; "you'll wake mother; she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now; and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, 'you mustn't go, you mustn't go!'"

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the infuriated angrily; "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule, will you disobey me?—take that, and that you imp."

Raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and then strode into the dilapidated room.

It was a truly fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead colour of the age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, on which stood a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Langrange, who through poverty, shame and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservingly;—year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him; for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform; but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him she clung to him! She had borne much, but alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that was killing her—she was dying of a broken heart!

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the scared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, as he recoiled into the room, "is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat!—Come, don't go whining, I say; but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, he recoiled a step or two forward, and put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her continued, 'but—why—what's the matter?'"

His poor wife laid like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivering as they spoke.

"Oh, mother's dead!" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and long since had learned to act for himself. He hated her temples, he chafed her hands, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead?" said the man, and he was sobered at once; "dead, dead!" he continued in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advanced to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets; he laid his hand upon her marble brow—"then oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead, say so, oh!—speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping at her side calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long gone past. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck and sobbed there for joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God, annihilate me for my guilt!"

"Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too;—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles!" at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!" murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it, I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh, no, you must not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband, Oh, you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her warm hand on his and continued feebly—

"Night and day, for many a long year have I prayed for this hour; and here even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you, and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness might then again be mine in this world—but God's will be done! I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's, continued:

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood; and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love and cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the thing for which I should care to live!"—she paused and struggled hard to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, obey your father, and be a good boy; as you love your mother—you will!"

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly upon his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh!—don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "for a few moments all was still; and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously in her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low mournful voice.

"Henry, Henry," she said in an undertone, and then after a second added, "Poor babe, he does not hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fled the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks, and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine; Henry, love, I can't see—the wind blown out the light!"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, and knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God!" murmured the dying woman, her voice grew fainter! "this is death!" Charles—Henry—

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the landlord.—Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still stained face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

Lapland Love Making.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Besides the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by their curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant there is a spokesman called *Synonance*. Brandy flask in hand, he goes over to the other party, and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. This is a signal for an indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends. Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne in grateful memory. When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kitch*, the wiving presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more to be got to the next day to the person to get them published. Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed, "Courtship with Brandy" is a proverb among Laplanders equivalent to the French *come il faut*. When the lady is rich, and the suitor is not, he often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial matters is nowhere felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sleeps in as good as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still, the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver which they pay for their brides must be in the shape of six dollars—it must be made up in ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who takes a divorce generally returns the bridal presents, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So, too, when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrelling before the answer is agreed upon, and some management is required, oftentimes, to make it favorable.

Pastor Fjellstrom tells of a wedding in Jockmoen in which he was interested for the wooer. Several attempts had been made in vain before he was engaged as spokesman. An old woman overwhelmed everything and deafened everybody with her opposition to the match. When he came in she yelled out: "No, no, it shan't be; not even if the flesh-eater's son comes, he shan't have her." Fjellstrom, then a student, saw that nothing could be done so long as this old harpy was around, and whispered to a magistrate, who was enlisted on the same side, to get the old woman out of the way somehow or other. Soon she found herself in the street; she growled about the door like a gad fly in an empty barrel; rattled and slammed, shrieked and swore, but could not get in, as the magistrate held the doors. Meantime the matter was successfully concluded, Fjellstrom had brought better brandy; his father was the parson, he spoke better, and offered a few more presents. When they were ready to go to the parson's the door was opened and the old gad rushed in; but she was too late.

The importance of having an influential spokesman can hardly be over-estimated. They are often paid for their services. An old affair came off in Arieploug, at the last fair. An old widower, bearing the euphonious name of Styx, was struck with the crazy idea—so all his country people thought it—of making advances to the widow of a foreigner, who held her head above everybody else in the village, as her husband had been district magistrate. Styx, who saw that the matter would be one of great difficulty, as well as delicacy, went to the richest man in the village, and begged him to be his spokesman. He thought that his

ago and standing would have their influence, and offered him, in case of success, a brass kettle, which, like Homer's heroes, he described. They could not agree, however; the desired spokesman wanted the kettle at any rate, while Styx would only give it to him if he succeeded. The whole party was remarkable; Styx was seventy years old—his Dulcinea sixty, and the spokesman over eighty. Although Styx could not make the brass kettle bargain, he kept his courage up, and resolved to do as well as he could in person. He went to her and said: "You have sons, I have reindeer—look at me; I am just like your first husband; and more of the same sort. The whole thing seemed so comic to the proud Sigrie Stozado, that far from getting angry at the poor fellow's advances, she began to talk with him, and kept him as long as possible in suspense as to his fate. His efforts and his anxiety continually rose in ridiculousness, until at last dinner time came, and he got a shameful mitten.

A letter from Berlin relates the following interesting anecdote: "A few days ago a hale old man, in a peasant's costume, and decorated with several orders and crosses, was seen to ascend the flight of steps leading to the terrace of the palace of Sans Souci. A sentinel posted there stopped him, informing him that he could not be allowed to go farther, as the palace was inhabited by the Empress of Russia. 'Why, that's the very reason why I must go on,' replied the veteran sturdily. An altercation ensued, which was interrupted by the arrival of Colonel Count Von Alvensleben, First Equerry to the Empress, who asked what was the matter. The old man replied that he had walked nine German miles to see the Empress before his death, he having saved her in her youth from a watery grave. On learning this, the Count bade him wait, and having informed the Empress of the occurrence, was ordered to introduce him. The veteran approached the Empress with a firm step, and then exclaimed: 'I recognize her well, though she is much changed.' He then reminded her Majesty of an occurrence which took place in 1806, in the park of Charlottenburg, where the late King used to pass the summer, living there in the style of a private gentleman. The Empress of Russia, then Princess Charlotte, and only seven years of age, was one day playing near the ornamental piece of water, called the Carp-basin, with her little sister, Alexandra, and her brother Prince Charles, whom she was drawing along in a Bath chair, in which exercise she happened to go too near the water's edge. A young guardsman on duty not far off called to her, warning her of her danger, but in vain; the little Princess laughed at her adviser, and continued to draw the Bath chair close to the brink. The soldier on seeing this stepped forward, held his sword before her, and cried 'Halt!' The Princess, in a fright, stepped back, and fell into the water. The sentinel instantly plunged in after her, got her safely out, and dragging the chair along with him, Princess Alexandra running by his side and crying all the while, carried her dripping wet as she was to Queen Louise, who was sitting before the palace reading. The Queen, on learning what had happened, bent over her child, took from her neck a small medallion containing a lock of her (the Queen's) hair, and gave it to the guardsman. The same medallion the veteran now showed to the Empress, who, immediately recollecting the occurrence, with deep emotion requested him to return to her the medallion with her mother's hair, and turning to the Princess Gagarin, her lady of honor, detached her own portrait, set in diamonds, (an ornament which the ladies of the Russian Court generally wear as a mark of special affection,) from the bosom of that lady, and gave to the old guardsman, who went away delighted and proud, and in passing by the sentinel who had stopped him showed him the trinket, saying, 'Do you see that, you stupid fellow?'"

accompanying by assurances from his brother, Rev. John Ryerson, and the Rev. Ebenezer Wood, the President of the Conference, that if admitted, he would not agitate the Church any more on what they unanimously considered a vital point of discipline. A Resolution, based upon the Dr.'s application, and strongly affirming the intention of the Conference to abide by their former decision, was passed re-admitting him. Dr. Ryerson afterwards, in a letter to the *Globe*, from Boston, where, he says, he first saw the Resolution of the Conference, denied that he had made an application in his letter to the Conference, and also denied having authorized any one to give any pledges on his behalf. In consequence of this denial, a motion was made at Brockville, last June, to rescind the Resolution of his restoration, which would leave him where he was before he made his application, or what was supposed to be such. The whole discussion which took place at Brockville was on this motion. It should be observed, that it was not a resolution of expulsion for any views the Dr. held on Class Meetings or any kindred subject, but it was merely relieving the Conference, as well as himself, from the false position in which the explanations and repudiation contained in the Boston letter had placed them. If the resolution of the London Conference had placed Dr. Ryerson in a false position, as he complained it had, then he should view the movers of the motion at Brockville as his particular friends, who only wished to relieve him from his embarrassing and false relations, and restore to him that independence of action, which he seems to prize so highly. We hold, that if the Dr. was sincere in the views contained in the Boston letter, it became his duty, as an honorable and ingenious man, to have used every exertion to have the obnoxious London resolution repealed. What strange inconsistency; however, he denounces those who tried to effect this for him, as his enemies, conspired for his destruction, and exerted all his powers of controversial eloquence to sustain the resolution which he had denounced as false and as a stigma on his character! The resolution of last Conference was sustained, and this the learned Dr. has had the taste to parade before the public as a personal victory. Verily, he is exceedingly thankful for small favors. Was the resolution of last year's Conference offensive to him? Then certainly the action of his brethren at Brockville, re-affirming and sustaining that resolution, should be doubly so. How can the *Reverend* say with any degree of truth, that the Conference sustained the Dr. in his repugnance to Class Meetings, &c.?

But this is not the whole of Dr. Ryerson's limitation. In order to prevent himself from being cut adrift on account of his own slippery conduct, he had to come to the terms dictated to him by the Brockville Conference, viz.: to acknowledge that he publicly denied, that he intended what he had written to his brethren in London to be an application for his re-admission to the Conference. He not only admitted this, but also assured the Conference that he did not intend for the future to re-open the agitation of the subject of *Class Meetings*. Being present when he made his speech in Brockville, we know this to be true. We merely state the facts as we know them, and let the public judge which party has succumbed, the Conference or Dr. Ryerson. In the first place, the Dr. withdrew because he cannot conscientiously remain with those who so widely differed with him; in the next place he makes application to return, although he knew the views of the Church remain unaltered. Again, when this is made public, he denies having made an application; but finding this avowal will be likely to cancel his restoration, he asserts that he did apply. On one hand, he complains loudly of the falsity of a certain resolution, and on the other, he stigmatizes and abuses those who endeavor to have the same repealed. Such a host of inconsistencies make us doubt either the sanity or the sincerity of the man to whom they appertain.—*Hastings Chronicle*.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Commerce of the Lakes.

One of the points examined in the late report on the Commerce of the Lakes by the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives, was "Whether this commerce is of such national importance as to render it a proper subject of Congressional consideration and encouragement." Such a query could never have arisen in the mind of any intelligent western man at any time during the last half dozen years, yet it was quite proper that a Congressional Committee should have undertaken the task of obtaining precise information upon the subject.

The history of the rapid development of the Commerce of the Lakes constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the commercial history of the world. No longer ago than twenty years this commerce was so insignificant as hardly to form an item in the grand annual aggregate of the business of the country. A considerable population existed at that time west of the lakes; but they produced little beyond what was needed for their own consumption, and from the absence of railroads the cost of taking the surplus to market was often greater than the value of the articles to be marketed. The great North-west, which now contributes so largely to the Commerce of the Lakes, then had but an embryo existence. Illinois had a million less population than she has now; Indiana seven or eight hundred thousand less; Michigan was nothing to what she is now; Iowa and Wisconsin do not date back much beyond the period specified, and Minnesota, where there are now 120,000 people, was a complete wilderness ten years ago.

The Commerce of the Lakes has of course kept pace with the progress of population around them, and the wonderful improvements which their necessities have led the people to create. In 1841 the gross amount of the Lake trade was \$65,000,000. In 1846 it had increased to \$125,000,000.

In 1848, according to the estimates of Col. Albert, of the Topographical Engineers, the value of the commerce of the lakes was \$168,000,000. Owing to various causes, but particularly to the great influx of foreigners, and the opening of new lines of intercommunication, it thence-forward increased still more rapidly, until in 1851, it amounted to more than \$300,000,000. From 1851 to 1855 inclusive, the development of the commerce of the lakes has been so extraordinary as to excite the wonder of the world. As shown by the report of the House Committee on Commerce, it has doubled in the brief period of four years, presenting the grand aggregate at the close of 1855 of \$608,310,320, not including the Trade of Mackinaw and Presque Isle, nor the freight and passenger trade. It is proper to remark here that the four years during which the lake commerce doubled in amount, was just the period when the railroads of our State came into full operation, and we do not need to inform our readers that they contributed very largely to the magnificent result.

Having proceeded thus far, there can be no question that the commerce of the lakes has grown to such a magnitude as to entitle it to be considered of national importance. Our foreign commerce has always been considered of sufficient importance to warrant the keeping up of a fleet for its protection, constant negotiations for its benefit by our ministers in foreign countries, the maintenance of commercial agents in all the principal foreign ports of the world, and the constant supervision of Congress; yet the total foreign exports of the country 1855 (the exports being the measure of value of the lake commerce for the year) was only \$173,814,763, and the total of exports and imports was but \$275,156,816. Let us summarize the account between the lakes and the ocean for 1855:

Total exports and imports of the Lakes.....\$426,625,649
Do. to and from foreign countries.....453,163,349

Balance in favor of the Lakes.....\$21,462,594

The respective values of this commerce, measured by the exports, will stand thus:—
That of the Lakes.....\$253,310,320
Foreign.....174,325,763

Balance in favor of former.....\$78,974,557

There is another mode of comparison which will show the growth of the lake trade in a still more striking light. Still taking exports as the measure of value, we find that our foreign commerce has increased from \$138,169,891 in 1851, to \$205,292,005 in 1856. The value of lake commerce in 1851 was something over three hundred millions, and it increased three hundred millions in four years, while for the same period the increase of our foreign commerce was only about sixty-eight millions!—*Chicago Free Press*.

created a peer, under the title of Baron Kelper. This is the first mill-owner who has been created a Peer, and is a new sign of the times in England, as it marks the surrender of feudalism to industry. It is something for those who claim to be the descendants of the mailed barons to receive into their number and order a man who has made a fortune with spindles and looms, and who still pursues the same calling. The House of Peers is more democratic than many suppose. Lord Lyndhurst is the son of a portrait painter, and Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of England, was once a poor man, and the reporter of a newspaper, &c.

SAM SLICK AND THE LADIES.—A Cousin in John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awful to see what a great hump she's growing since she came away from Connecticut! With that cousin John looked at her and laughed a little, but I could see he didn't feel right, and after a minute he said to her, "Hush, cousin, you must not talk so loud; it's true Mary has put on rather too much bustle, but it's the fashion you see." I looked round and as true as you live there wasn't a gal in the room that hadn't her back sticking out just the same way. Such a set of lumpy-backed critters I never did put my eyes on, and yet they all stood smiling and a talking to the feller as if nothing ailed them poor things! Some of the gals had feathers in their hair, and some had flowers or gold chains twisted among their curls, and I didn't see one there that wasn't dressed up in her silks and satins as crank as could be. As for the men, I thought that I should have haw hawed right out a larfin to see some of 'em; there was one chap talking to Miss Heche with his hair parted from the top of his head down each side of his face, and it hung down behind all over his coat collar like a young gal's just before she begins to wear a bun; and there was two bunches of hair stuck out on his upper lip right under his nose, like a cat's when she begins to get her hair up. Every time he spoke the hair kinder ruz up and moved about till it was enough to make a feller crawl all over to look at him. "Think, sez I, if it wouldn't be fun to see that varmint try to eat. If he didn't get his victuals tangled up in that bunch of hair he must know how to aim all-fired straight with his knife and fork.—*Stick's High Life in New York.*

MARKETS.

NEW MARKET, Sept. 11, 1856.	
Wheat, 1 bushel	85.00
Barley, 1 bushel	45.00
Oats, 1 bushel	35.00
Peas, 1 bushel	60.00
Beans, 1 bushel	65.00
Butter, 1 lb.	15.00
Eggs, 1 doz.	12.00
Hay, 1 ton	12.00
Commodities, per cwt.	2.00

Toronto, Sept. 11, 1856.	
Wheat, 1 bushel	85.00
Barley, 1 bushel	45.00
Oats, 1 bushel	35.00
Peas, 1 bushel	60.00
Beans, 1 bushel	65.00
Butter, 1 lb.	15.00
Eggs, 1 doz.	12.00
Hay, 1 ton	12.00
Commodities, per cwt.	2.00

BIRTHS.
In Barrie on the morning of Sunday, 7th instant the wife of Mr. Thomas Davies, Printer, of a son.

MARRIED.
On Saturday night at half-past ten, by Mr. Richardson, Methodist Minister, Mr. Henry Lloyd to Miss Mary Jane Baker, both of the Holland Landings.
229 The *Sentinel* and *Gazette*, please to copy.

DIED.
On the 8th inst. Susannah, widow of the late Richard Gault, died at the residence of her daughter, a daughter of a U. S. Soldier, was one of the first settlers in the Province; having lived near Niagara Falls for some time; moved to Yonge Street in 1815. Was a kind and devoted mother, a staunch Episcopalian, adhering strictly to the doctrines of that Church, and dying strong in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Gaz.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Strayed or Stolen.
FROM the premises of Sarah Atkinson (Widow) on Queen Street, Lot No. 51, 2nd Concession of Whitechurch, on Sunday 7th September, a large black and white milk cow, with a hump on her right hind leg below the knee joint, white on her flanks, and a white star on her face. Any person giving information or delivering up the said property, will be suitably rewarded.
Sept. 11.

SALE OF FARM STOCK.
MESSRS. MACHELL & ASHTON,
Are instructed by Mr. S. Trent, of Oakley Farm, to sell
About the first week in October next.

THE WHOLE OF HIS HERD OF CATTLE.
Together with a large flock of thoroughbred LIECHSTER SHEEP & LAMBS, Several Horses, Colts, and Berkshire Pigs.
Timely notice of the day of sale will be given.—This sale will present a rare opportunity for Farmers in this section of country to improve their stock.
Oakley Farm, Whitechurch,
September 11th 1856.

NOTICE.

All Parties having any claim against the Estate of the late Martin Pearece, are requested to present them for payment forthwith. And all persons indebted to the said Estate, are notified to call and settle the same immediately.
Executors, JOSEPH MILLARD, CLARENCE HAMILTON.
Newmarket, Sept. 8th, 1856.

Messrs. Green and Hawkins,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c., &c., over the Wesleyan Book Room, 61 King Street Toronto.

CASH FOR WHEAT, AUGUST, 1856.

THE Subscribers beg to inform the public, that they are now erecting a Grain Elevator at the Newmarket Railway Building, and are prepared to pay the highest Cash price for any quantity of

Good Merchantable Pull and Spring Wheat.

Delivered at the Newmarket Station of the Northern Railway.
Extra Superior Flour for Family use, and Mill Offals of all kinds, for sale on the lowest terms.

WILCOCKS & THORNE.
Newmarket, Aug. 26th, 1856. 37tf

FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE PROPERTY KNOWN AS

SIMPSON'S BREWERY,

With the Land and Buildings adjoining.

The above property is situated in the town of Newmarket adjacent to the Railway station, having a frontage of 207 feet on Ontario and Mill Streets, and is admirably adapted for laying out in town lots. There is an excellent barn and stable on the premises. The material of the brewery being of the best description would be very valuable for building purposes. The Newmarket creek washes the eastern side of the lot, which is also all supplied with spring water. And the location is one of the best for a brewery, distillery, or foundry. Terms of sale, liberal. For particulars apply to

A. BOULTBEE, H. CAWTHRA, Solicitors, Newmarket.

For All parties are hereby cautioned against removing the bricks or other material from the said premises, without permission of the above parties.
Newmarket August 25th 1856. 27tf

READY MADE CLOTHING.

DONALD SUTHERLAND

Begs to apprise his customers and the public in general, that he is now

Making up a Superior Stock of Clothing, from his large stock of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings &c., AT

His Establishment in Water Street.

D. S. feels much pleasure in recommending these garments to the public, as he has engaged the services of an experienced Cutter from one of the largest Clothing Houses in New York. He feels confident that the most particular can be fitted.

Choosing of all kinds made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest style, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

TO INTENDING PURCHASERS OF

INDIAN LANDS.

PLANS of the above Lands on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., &c. have been published by the undersigned, with the authority of the Indian Department, and will be for sale in a few days at the principal Book Stores throughout the Province. The Map has been got up in two parts, and in the best style of Lithography, containing three Townships in each, and will be sold at the low price of five shillings each Sheet, or ten shillings the complete Map.

Application by Mail, Post-paid, stating the number of copies required, and enclosing the necessary amount, will be promptly answered by remitting the Plans. Address, A. BOULTBEE, Surveyors & Agents.

Toronto, August 6, 1856. 26c4

All papers in Canada West to publish for one month and send accounts to Dennis & Boulton.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale that celebrated wheat growing farm; being the west lot of Lot No. 1, in the 2d concession of King, (formerly old survey West (Guillivray)) containing 100 acres, 75 of which are cleared and under good cultivation.

Title indisputable.

TERMS.—One-third down.

For further particulars apply, by letter, (or in person) to the proprietor,

F. F. McARTHUR, Bowmanville.

June 16, 1856. 31tf

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

JOSEPH CAWTHRA,

CORNER OF MAIN AND WATER-STREETS, NEW MARKET.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Newmarket, and the public in general, that he has received the greater part of his Spring and Summer Stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

which he purposes selling at the lowest remunerating prices. In Ladies' dress material in particular, the selection will be found in good taste, and adapted to the requirements of the season. The following embraces a part of the Stock, viz.:

Plain and Fancy Poplins,
do. do. Barges,
Alma Checks, and Robe Dresses,
Plain & Figured Glace, and Gros de Naples,
do. do. Cashmeres,
Printed Muslins,
Swiss Ginghams,
Brilliantes,
Shawls,
Parasols,
Straw Bonnets,
Laces,
Ribbons,
Gloves,
Hosiery,
Dress Trimmings,
Gentlemen's Hats, Ties, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., Broadcloths, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.

Also, an assortment of

GROCERIES,

Including London made Pickles and Sauces.

WINE AND LIQUORS,

Crockery,
Putty, Paints, Oils, Dry Stuff, &c.
Newmarket, May 14, 1856. 22tf

BRICKS, BRICKS.

THE Subscriber is now offering for Sale at this Village 50,000 Bricks of good quality.

HENRY HARRIS, Architect, Builder, &c.
Aurora, July 7th, 1856. 30tf

EAGLE HOTEL,

NEAR THE NEW MARKET STATION, KEPT BY NICHOLAS HAWKINS. This House has been thoroughly renovated. Every accommodation for Travellers, and good table for board.
Newmarket, Aug. 14th, 1856. 31tf

NEW GOODS!

CHEAP GOODS

THE Subscriber has much pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased the Establishment to long and favourably conducted by R. H. SMITH, Esq., and is now opening out a

LARGE AND CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

NEW GOODS

OF THIS

SPRING'S IMPORTATIONS.

Of the LATEST STYLES, adapted to the season and the wants of the community—a

selection which will be found a good selection of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOE

SKINS, &c.

Boots, Shoes, & Gaiters,

Of American Manufacture.

For Ladies, Misses, Men and Boys, well worthy of an inspection. Children's Fancy and Durable

HATS, STRAW BONNETS, & RIBBONS

Of the latest Parisian, English and American Fashions, in great variety.

With Philadelphia and Flint's Mill and Mallet SAWS.

Bar, Rod, Plate, Hoop, Band and Sweden IRON. ALSO STEEL

Of the different kinds required by Blacksmiths.

TEAS,

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, &c.

To which particular attention is invited.

PAPER HANGINGS & WILLOW WARE

In endless variety.

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Made under his own personal inspection, by experienced workmen, in the most

FASHIONABLE STYLE.

On the shortest notice, and warranted to fit.

MILLINERY SHOW ROOM

Will be found complete with all that is new and desirable in Silk, Satin, Crap, Tussan, Straw, and

FANCY BONNETS, DRESS CAPS, HEAD DRESSES, SILK CAPES, &c.

Millinery made to Order, in the best manner and on short notice.

M. W. B. Invites an inspection of his stock of Goods, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of patronage, with which his predecessor was so liberally favored.

M. W. BOGART.
Newmarket, April 17, 1856. 19tf

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT MANUFACTORY.

HOLLAND LANDING.

CALL and examine our Stock of Implements before you purchase elsewhere, which consists of:

REAPING AND MOWING MACHINES, THRASHING MACHINES,

SEED DRILLS, CULTIVATORS, PLOUGHS, TURNIP DRILLS,

STRAW CUTTERS, ONE HORSE STEEL HOES,

HORSE RAKES, &c., &c.

These machines are all warranted to be made of the best material.

J. WALTON, & CO.
Holland Landing, April 22, 1856. 19tf

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS can be had at the Society's prices upon application to Thomas Nixon, at the Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel Newmarket.

April 8, 1856. 17

A SELECTED LIST OF LANDS For Sale.

Township of Melancthon.

3rd Range: Lots No. 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, (West of T. & S. Road) 58 acres

4th Range: Lots No. 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, (West of T. & S. Road) 50 acres each.

8th Range: Lots No. 22 and 23. N. E. of T. & S. Road, 100 acres each.

4th Concession: Lots No. 21, W. 1-2 22, S. E. 1-4 7, (old survey) together 350 acres.

Township of Artemesia.

3rd Range: Lots No. 30, 36, 37, S. of Durham Road, 79 acres each.

Township of Holland.

2nd Concession: Lots No. 20 & 21, West of T. and S. Road, 12 acres cleared with house and barn, 45 acres liberal.

TERMS LIBERAL.

Apply, by letter post-paid, to A. BOULTBEE, Newmarket. 61tf

FOR SALE.

A very eligible dwelling House in the Village of Newmarket. It is well situated in the best part of the Village, and has a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate two families. Terms liberal.

For further particulars apply to A. BOULTBEE, Newmarket. 22tf

May 14, 1856.

SPRING FASHIONS!

Honnetts, Mantillas, Dresses, &c.

MISS MAGUIRE,

Grateful for past Patronage, respectfully Solicits an Inspection of her Spring Stock of Millinery, consisting in part of

New and Appropriate Styles in Silk, Satin, and Lace Capes, Plain and Fancy Straw Bonnets, Children's White and Coloured Hats,

Bonnet Shapes, Very Rich Feathers, Wire Frames, Flower,

Straw Trimming, White and Coloured Ribbons, Morning and Dress Caps, &c., &c.

All of which will sell for a very small advance for Cash. Money returned cheerfully if goods are not suitable.

GAPE AND IRISH FEATHERS For Sale.

All ordered work done at the Lowest Price Newmarket, April 24, 1856. 19tf

SOMETHING NEW.

THE GEORGE HAWLEY PATENT SHINGLE MACHINE,

For Splitting or Riving and Shaving Shingles, may be seen at Benjamin Pearson's Aurora.

It is capable of making from 2000 to 3000 shingles per hour, of superior quality. It works equally well for making heading, and is worked by any power equal to one horse. It may be taken to the forest, attached by a belt to a horse power, and make 20,000 per day. It makes more shingles from a given quantity of bolts, of better quality in less time and with less power, than any other machine; and the shingles when made find a ready sale at high prices in the American Market. It will make fair work out of timber that could not be worked by hand. The machine is all of iron, is very strong and durable and not liable to break or get out of order, and so simple in construction and operation that any person of ordinary capacity readily learns to attend it. It has the still further recommendation of being a Canadian Invention and Patent.

The Subscribers hold the right for the United Counties of York and Peel, and will sell township or machine rights at great bargains. They will sell a machine and right at a price that the machine will pay its cost every twenty days, together with cost of stock and labour of tending.

All who are curious to see it work, or who may think this statement large, are requested to call and witness its operation for themselves.

BENJAMIN PEARSON. THOMAS PEARSON.
Aurora, April 11th, 1856. 18m3

Particularly IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to his Friends Neighbours, and the Public generally in and around the

VILLAGE OF AURORA.

For the patronage extended to him, would beg leave to inform all who may desire to purchase

Goods Suitable for the Season.

That he is now opening an assortment which it is hoped will give satisfaction, with regard to

QUALITY AND PRICES.

To all who may favour him with a call.

The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes,

All of which he will dispose of CHEAP for CASH, or

PRODUCE.

N.B.—A quantity of Dried Apples, Plums and Peaches for sale.

Aurora, Dec. 17th, 1855. 2tf

STOVE WAREHOUSE,

NEW MARKET,

NEXT DOOR TO J. MILLARD, MAIN-STREET.

G. MORTIMORE

WOULD return thanks to the public for the patronage bestowed on him, and would respectfully announce that he has just received a large

assortment of

COOKING, PARLOUR AND BOX STOVES, OF THE NEWEST PATENTS,

which he intends to dispose of for Cash, and on short credit, at Toronto prices.

In connection with the above will be found a general assortment of

TIN, COPPER, ZINC AND SHEET IRON-WARE.

Always on hand, or made to order.

Job Work

In all its branches done on short notice and with neatness. Terms moderate.

Newmarket, Dec. 12th, 1855. 1yl

WM. ADAMS,

Builder and House Carpenter,

BEGS to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of Buildings.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Work done in the most approved style and on reasonable terms. A share of public patronage is solicited.

A good supply of Sash, Window Blinds and Doors, constantly on hand.

Residence Water-Street, near the Railroad, Newmarket.

Dec. 7, 1855. 1yl

A. Boulton.

BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., Newmarket.

Sharon, Feb. 7th, 1856. 81y

GEO. HUGHES,

BROOKVILLE,

INVITES attention to his Stock of Goods, which for

Cheapness and Variety

No flatters himself is not surpassed in this part of Canada, among which will be found a choice selection of

SUGARS, TEAR, COFFEY, TOBACCO, &c., &c.

CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, SATINETT, DOMESTIC CLOTHS,

BEAVER AND BROAD CLOTHS,

READY MADE CLOTHING, LADY'S BONNETS

CIRCULAR CAPES, &c., &c.

ROCKSTER TOOLS,

And in fact almost every article kept by Town or Country Merchants.

